THE TRAGICALL

Hiſtory of the horrible
Life and Death
of

DOCTOR FAVSTVS.

Written by CH. MARL.

Imprinted at London by *G. E.* for *Iohn Wright*,
and are to be ſold at his ſhop at
Chriſt Church gate.
1611.

The tragical history of Doctor Faustus.

Enter Chorus.

NOt marching now in fields of Thracimene,
Where Mars did mate the Carthaginians,
Nor sporting in the dalliance of loue,
In courts of Kings where state is ouer-turnd,
Nor in the pompe of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our muse to daunt his heauenly verse:
Onely this (gentlemen) we must performe,
The forme of Faustus fortunes good or bad.
To patient iudgments we appeale our plaude,
And speake for Faustus in his infancy:
Now is he borne, his parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a towne cald Rhodes:
Of riper yeeres to Wittenberg he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him vp,
So soone he profits in Diuinity,
The fruitfull plot of Scholerisme grac't,
That shortly he was grac't with Doctors name,
Excelling all, whose sweete delight disputes
In heauenly matters of Theologie,
Till swolne with cunning of a selfe conceit,
His waxen wings did mount aboue his reach,
And melting heauens conspir'd his ouer-throw.
For falling to a diuelish exercise,
And glutted more with learnings golden gifts:

He surffets vpon cursed Negromancy,
Nothing so swéet as magicke is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest blisse,
And this the man that in his study sits. Exit.

Enter Faustus in his Study.

Faust. Settle thy studies Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profesſe:
Having commenc'de, be a Diuine in shew,
Yet leuell at the end of euery art,
And liue and dye in Aristotles workes,
Sweét Analitikes tis thou hast rauisht me,
Bene differere est finis logicis,
Is, to dispute well, Logicks chiefest end,
Affords this Art no greater miracle?
Then read no more thou hast attaind the end:
A greater subiect fitteth Faustus wit,
Bid Oeconomy farewell, Galen come:
Séing, vbi definit philosopus, ibi incipit medicus.
Be a Phisition Faustus, heape vp golde,
And be eternizde for some wondrous cure,
Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas,
The end of Phisick is our bodies health:
Why Faustus, hast thou not attaind that end?
Is not thy common talke sound Aphorismes?
Are not thy billes hung vp as monuments,
Whereby whole Citties haue escapt the plagne,
And thousand desperate maladies béene easde,
Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.
Wouldst thou make men to liue eternally?
Or being dead raise them to life againe?
Then this profession were to be estéem'd,
Phisick farewell, where is Iustinian?
Si vna eademque res legatus duobus,
Alter rem, alter valorem rei, &c.
A pretty case of paltry legasies:
Exhereditari filium non potest pater, nisi:
Such is the subiect of the Institute,

And

And vniuerſall body of the Church:
His ſtudy fits a mercenary drudge,
Who aimes at nothing but externall trash,
The Diuell and illiberall for me:
When all is done Diuinity is beſt.
Ieromes Bible, Fauſtus, view it well,
Stipendium peccati mors eſt: ha Stipendium, &c.
The reward of ſinne is death: that's hard.
Si peccaſſe negamus, fallimur, & nulla eſt in nobis veritas.
If we ſay that we be haue no ſinne,
We deceiue our ſelues and theres no truth in vs.
Why then belike we muſt ſinne,
And ſo conſequently dye.
I, we muſt dye an euerlaſting death:
What Doctrine call you this, Che ſera, ſera,
What will be ſhall be? Diuinity adieu,
These Metaphiſicks of Magitians,
And Negromantike bookes are Heauenly
Lines, circles, ſceanes, letters and characters:
I theſe are thoſe that Fauſtus moſt deſires.
O what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honor, of omnipotence
Is promiſed to the ſtudious Artizan!
All things that moue betweene the quiet poles,
Shall be at my command. Emperors and Kings,
Are but obayed in their ſeuerall Prouinces:
Nor can they raiſe the wind or rend the clowds:
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as farre as doth the minde of man.
A ſound Magitian is a mighty god:
Here Fauſtus try thy braines to gaine a deity.

Enter Wagner.

Wagner, commend me to my deereſt friends,
The Germaine Valdes, and Cornelius,
Requeſt them earneſtly to viſit me.

Wag. I will ſir. Exit.

Fauſt. Their conference will be a greater helpe to mee:

Then

Then all my labours pleade I nere ſo faſt.

Enter the good Angell and the euill Angell.

Good A. O Fauſtus, lay that damned booke aſide,
And gaze not on it, leaſt it tempt thy ſoule,
And heape Gods heauy rod vpon thy head,
Read, read, the ſcriptures, that is blaſphemie.

Euill An. Goe forward Fauſtus in that famous art,
Wherein all natures treaſure is containde:
Be thou on earth as Ioue is in the skie,
Lord and commander of theſe Elements. Exeunt.

Fau. How am I glutted with conceit of this,
Shall I make ſpirits fetch me what I pleaſe,
Reſolue me of all ambiguities,
Performe what deſperate enterprize I will?
Ile haue them flye to India for gold,
Ranſack the Ocean for orient Pearle,
And ſearch all corners of the new found world,
For pleaſants fruites and princely delicates:
Ile haue them read me ſtrange Philoſophie,
And tell the ſecrets of all forraine Kings,
Ile haue them wall all Germany with braſſe,
And make ſwift Rhine circle faire Wertenberge,
Ile haue them fill the publike ſchooles with ſkill,
Wherewith the ſtudents ſhall be bravely clad:
Ile leuie Soldiers with the coyne they bring,
And chaſe the Prince of Parma from our land,
And raigne ſole King of all the prouinces,
Yea ſtranger engines for the brunt of warre,
Then was the fiery keele at Antwerpes bridge,
Ile make my ſeruile ſpirits to inuent:
Come Germaine Valdes, and Cornelius,
And make me bleſt with your ſage conference,
Valdes, ſweete Valdes and Cornelius.

Enter Valdes and Cornelius.

Know that your words haue won me at the laſt,

To practise magick and concealed arts:
Yet not your words onely, but mine owne fantasie,
That will receive no object for my head,
But ruminates on Negromantique skill,
Philosophy is odious and obscure,
Both Law and Phisick are for petty wits,
Divinity is basest of the three,
Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible and vilde,
'Tis magick, magick that hath ravisht me,
Then gentle friends aide me in this attempt,
And I that haue with subtile syllogismes
Gravelo the Pastors of the Germaine Church,
And made the flowring pride of Wertenberg,
Swarme to my Problemes, as the Infernall spirits
On sweet Musæus, when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was
Whose shadowes made all Europe honour him.

Vald. Faustus these bookes thy wit and our experience,
Shall make all nations to canonize vs,
As Indian Moors obay their Spanish Lords,
So shall the subiects of every element,
Be alwayes serviceable to vs three,
Like Lions shall they guard vs when we please,
Like Almaine Rutters with their horsemens staues,
Or Lapland Giants trotting by our sides,
Some-times like women, or vnwedded maides,
Shadowing more beauty in their airie browes,
Then in their white breasts of the Queene of Loue:
From Venice shall they dragge huge Argoses,
And from America the golden fleece,
That yearely stuffes old Philips treasurie,
If learned Faustus will be resolute.

Fau. Valdes as resolute am I in this
As thou to live, therefore obiect it not.

Cor. The miracles that Magick will performe,
Will make thee vow to study nothing else,
He that is grounded in Astrologie,

Inricht with tongues, well seene in mineralls,
Hath all the principles Magick doth require,
Then doubt not(Faustus) but to be renownd,
And more frequented for this mistery,
Then hetherto the Delphian Oracle.
The spirits tell me they can dry the Sea,
And fetch the treasure of all forraine wrackes,
Ay,all the wealth that our fore-fathers hid
Within the massie entrailes of the earth.
Then tell me Faustus,what shall we three want?
Fau. Nothing Cornelius,O this cheares my soule,
Come shew me some demonstrations magicall,
That I may conjure in some little groue,
And haue these ioyes in full possession,
Val. Then hast thee to some solitarie groue,
And bee sure wise Bacons and Albanus workes,
The Hebrew Psalter and new Testament,
And whatsoeuer else is requisit,
We will informe thee ere our conference cease.
Cor. Valdes,first let him know the words of art,
And then all other ceremonies learnd,
Faustus my trie his cunning by himselfe.
Val. First ile instruct thee in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter then I.
Fau. Then come and dine with me,and after meate,
Wee'le canuas euery quiddity thereof:
For ere I sleepe ile try what I can doe:
This night ile coniure though I dye therefore.

Exeunt.

Enter two Schollers.

1. Scho. I wonder whats become of Faustus, that was wont to make our schooles ring with, sic probo.

2.Sc. That shall we know,for see here comes his boy.

Enter VVagner.

1.Sch. How now sirra,wheres thy maister?

VVag. God in heauen knowes.

2. Why,dost not thou know?

VVag.

Wag. Yes I know but that followes not.

1. Go to sirra, leaue your ieasting, and tell vs where hée is

Wag. That followes not necessary by force of argument that you beeing licentiat should stand vpon it, therfore acknowledge your error and be attentiue.

2. Why didst thou not say thou knewst?

Wag. Haue you any witnesse on it?

1 Yes sirra I heard you.

Wag. Aske my fellow if I bee a théefe.

2 Well you will not tell vs.

VVag. Yes sir I will tell you, yet if you were not dunces you would neuer aske me such a question, for is not he corpus naturale, and is not that mobile, then whereforé should you aske me such a question. but that I am by nature flegmaticke, slow to wrath and prone to leachery, (to loue I would say) it were not for you to come within forty foot of the place of execution, although I do not doubt to see you both hang'd the next Sessions. Thus hauing triumpht ouer you, I will set my countinance like a precisian, and begin to speake thus: truely my deere brethren my maister is within at dinner with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine if it could speake, it would informe your worshipp, and so the Lord bless you, preserue you, and kéepe you my deere brethren my deere brethren.

Exit.

1 Nay then I feare hee is falne into that damned art, for which they two are infamous through the world.

2 Were he a stranger and not allied to me, yet should I gréeue for him: but come let vs go and informe the Rector, and see if hee by his graue councell can reclaime him.

1 O but I feare me nothing can reclaime him.

2 Yet let vs try what we can doe,

Exeunt,

Enter Faustus to coniure.

Fau. Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth,
Longing to view Orions drizling looke,

Leapes from th'antartike world vnto the skie,
And dimmes the welken with her pitchy breath:
Faustus begin thine incantations,
And trye if Diuels will obey thy hest,
Seeing thou hast praide and sacrific'd to them:
Within this circle is Iehouahs name,
Forward and backward, and Agramithist,
The breuiated names of holy Saints,
Figures of euery adiunct to the heauens,
And characters of signes and erring Starres,
By which the spirits are inforc't to rise.
Then feare not Faustus, but be resolute,
And trye the vttermost Magick can performe.
Sint mihi dei acherontis propitii, valeat numen triplex Iehouæ, ignei aerii, Aquatani spiritus saluete, Orientis princeps Belsibub, inferni ardentis monarcha & demigorgon, propitiamus vos, vt apariat & surgat Mephastophilis, quod tumeraris, per Iehoua n, gehennam & consecratam aquam quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis quod nunc facio, & per vota nostra ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatis Mephastophilis. Enter a Diuell.
I charge thee to returne and change thy shape,
Thou art too vgly to attend on me,
Goe and returne an old Franciscan Friar,
That holy shape becomes a diuell best. Exit Diuell.
I see theres vertue in my heauenly words,
Who would not be proficient in this art?
How pliant is this Mephistophilis?
Full of obedience and humility,
Such is the force of Magicke and my spels,
Now Faustus, thou art coniurer laureate,
That canst command great Mephastophilis,
Quin regis Mephastophilis fratris imagine.

Enter Mephastophilis.

Me. Now Faustus, what wouldst thou haue me doe?
Fau. I charge thee wait vpon me whilst I liue,

To

To do what euer Faustus shall command,
Be it to make the Moone drop from her speare,
Or the Ocean to ouer-whelme the world,
Me. I am a seruant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thée without his leaue,
No more then he commands must we performe.
Fau. Did not he charge thée to appeare to me?
Me. No, I came now hither of mine owne accord.
Fau. Did not my conjuring spirits raise thée? speake.
Me. That was the cause, but yet per accident,
For when we heare one rack the name of God,
Abiure the Scriptures, and his Sauiour Christ,
We flye in hope to get his glorious soule,
Nor will we come, vnlesse he vse such meanes
Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd:
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring,
Is stoutly to abiure the Trinity,
And pray deuoutly to the prince of hell.
Fau. So Faustus hath already done, and holds this princi-(ple
There is no chiefe but onely Belsebub,
To whom Faustus doth dedicate him-selfe:
This word damnation terrifies not him,
For he confounds hell in Elizium,
His ghost be with the old Philosophers,
But leauing these vaine trifles of mens soules,
Tell me what is that Lucifer thy Lord?
Me. Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.
Fau. Was not that Lucifer an Angell once?
Me. Yes Faustus, and most dearly lou'd of God.
Fau. How comes it then that he is prince of Diuels?
Me. O by-aspiring pride and insolence,
For which God threw him from the face of heauen.
Fau. And what are you that liue with Lucifer?
Me. Vnhappy spirits that liue with Lucifer?
Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer?
And are for euer damnd with Lucifer.
Fau. Where are you damnd?

Me. In hell.
Fau. How comes it then that thou art out of hell?
Me. Why this is hell, nor am I out of it:
Thinkst thou that I that saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternall ioyes of heauen,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hels,
In being depriu'd of euerlasting blisse?
O Faustus, leaue these frivolous demands,
Which strikes a terror to my fainting soule.
Fau. What is great Mephastophilis so passionate,
For being depriu'd of the ioyes of heauen?
Learne thou of Faustus, manly fortitude,
And scorne those ioyes thou neuer shalt possesse.
Goe beare those tidings to great Lucifer,
Seeing Faustus hath incurd eternall death,
By desperate thoughts against loues deity:
Say, he surrenders to him his soule,
So he will spare him foure and twenty yeeres,
Letting him liue in all voluptuousnesse,
Hauing thee euer to attend on me,
To giue whatsoeuer I shall aske,
To tell me whatsoeuer I demand,
To slay mine enemies, and to aide my friends,
And alwayes be obedient to my will:
Goe and returne to mighty Lucifer,
And meete me in my study at midnight,
And then resolue me of thy maisters minde.
Me. I will Faustus. Exit.
Fau. Had I as many soules as there be starres,
I'de giue them all for Mephastophilis:
By him Ile be great Emperour of the world,
And make a bridge through the moouing ayre,
To passe the Ocean with a band of men,
Ile ioyne the hils that binde the Affricke shore,
And make that land continent to Spaine,
And both contributory to my crowne:
The Emperor shall not liue but by my leaue,

Nor any Potentate of Germany:
Now that I haue obtain'd what I desire,
Ile liue in speculation of this art,
Till Mephastophilis returne againe- Exit.

Enter Wagner and the Clowne.

VVag: Sirra boy, come hither.

Clo. How, boy? swones boy, I hope you haue seene many boyes with such picadevants as I haue. Boy quoth ha?

VVag. Tell me sirra, hast thou any commings in?

Clo. I and goings out too, you may see else.

Wag. Alas poore slaue, see how poverty iesteth in his nakednesse, the villaine is bare and out of seruice, and so hungry, that I know he would giue his soule to the Diuel for a shoulder of mutton, though it were blood rawe.

Clo. How, my soule to the Diuell for a shoulder of mutton though twere blood raw? not so good friend, by'rlady I had neede haue it well roasted and good sawce to it if I pay so deere.

Wag. Well, wilt thou serue me, and Ile make thee goe like Qui mihi discipulus?

Clo. How in verse?

Wag. No sirra in beaten silke and staues acre.

Clo. How, how, knaues acre? I, I thought that was all the land his father left him: Do ye heare I would be sorry to robbe you of your liuing.

Wag. Sirra, I say in staues acre.

Clo. Oho, oho, staues acre, why then belike, if I were your man I should be full of vermine.

Wag. So thou shalt whether thou beest with mee, or no: but sirra, leaue your iesting, and binde your selfe presently vnto me for seauen yeares, or Ile turne all the lice about thee into familiars, and they shall teare thee in peeces.

Clo. Doe you heare sir, you may saue that labour, they are too familiar with me already, swones they are as bold with my flesh, as if they had paid for my meate and drinke.

Wag. Well, do you heare sirra? hold, take these guilders.

Clo. Gridyrons, what be they?

Wagner.

Wag. Why French crownes.

Clo. Was but for the name of French crownes a man were as good haue as many English-counters, and what ſhould I do with theſe?

Wag. Why now ſirra thou art at an houres warning whenſoeuer or whereſoeuer the diuell ſhall fetch thee.

Clo. No, no, here take your gridirons againe.

VVag. Truly ile none of them.

Clo. Truly but you ſhall.

VVag. Beare witneſſe I gaue them him.

Clo. Beare witneſſe I giue them you againe.

VVag. Well I will cauſe two diuels preſently to fetch thee away, Baliol and Belcher.

Clo. Let your Balio and your Belcher come here, and ile knock them, they were neuer ſo knockt ſince they were diuels, ſay I ſhould kil one of them, what would folks ſay? do ye ſee yonder tall fellow in the round hoſe, he has kild that diuell, ſo I ſhould be cald kill diuel all the pariſh ouer.

Enter two Diuels, and the Clowne runnes vp and downe the Stage.

VVag. Baliol and Belcher, ſpirits away. Exeunt.

Clo. What, are they gone? a vengeance on them, they haue vile long nailes, there was a hee diuell & a ſhee diuell, Ile tell you how you ſhall know them, all hee diuels has hornes, and all ſhee diuels has clifts and clouen feete.

VVag. Well ſirra follow me.

Clo. But doe you heare? if I ſhould ſerue you, would you teach me to raiſe vp Banios and Belcheos?

VVag. I will teach thee to turne thy ſelfe to any thing, to a dog, or a cat, or a mouſe, or a ratte, or any thing.

Clo. How? a Chriſtian fellow to a dog or a cat, a mouſe or a rat? no, no ſir, if you turne me into any thing, let it be in the likeneſſe of a pretty friſking flea, that I may be here and there and euery where, O ile tickle the pretty wenches plackets; ile be amongſt them yfaith.

VVag.

VVag. Well ſirra come.

Clo. But do you heare VVagner?

VVag. How Balioll and Belcher.

Clo. O Lord I pray ſir, iet Banio and Belcher go ſleepe:

VVag. Villaine call me maiſter VVagner, & let thy left eye bee diametarily fixt vpon my right heele, with quaſi veſtigias noſtras inſiſtere. Exit.

Clo. God forgiue me, he ſpeakes Dutch fuſtian: well, ile follow him, ile ſerue him, thats flat. Exit.

Enter Fauſtus in his ſtudy.

Fau. Now Fauſtus muſt thou needs be damnd,
And canſt thou not be ſaued:
What boots it then to thinke of God or heauen:
Away with ſuch vaine fancies and diſpaire,
Diſpaire in God, and truſt in Belſabub:
Now go not backward: no Fauſtus, be reſolute.
Why wauereſt thou: O ſomthing ſoundeth in mine eares
Abiure this Magicke, turne to God againe:
I and Fauſtus wi I turne to God againe:
To God: hee loues thee not,
The God thou ſerueſt is thine owne appetite,
Wherein is fixt the loue of Belſebub,
To him ile build an altar, and a church,
And offer luke-warme blood of new borne babes.

Enter good Angell and euill.

Good An. Sweet Fauſtus, leaue that execrable art.

Fau. Contrition, prayer, repentance: what of them?

Good An. O they are meanes to bring thee vnto heauen.

Euil An. Rather illuſions, fruites of lunacy,
That makee men fooliſh that do truſt them moſt.

Good An. Sweete Fauſtus thinke of heauen, and heauenly things.

Euil An. No Fauſtus, thinke of honor and of wealth.

Fau. Of wealth, Exeunt.

Why the ſignory of Emden ſhall be mine,
When Mephaſtopilis ſhall ſtand by me,

What God can hurt thée Fauſtus, thou art ſafe,
Come no more doubts, come Mephaſtophilis,
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer.
Is not midnight? come Mephaſtophilis,
Veni veni Mephaſtophile. Enter Meph.
Now tell, what ſayes Lucifer thy Lord?

Me. That I ſhall waite on Fauſtus whilſt I liue,
So he will buy my ſeruice with his ſoule.

Fauſt. Already Fauſtus hath hazerded that for thée.

Me. But Fauſtus thou muſt bequeath it ſolemnly,
And write a déed of gift with thine owne blood,
For that ſecurity craues great Lucifer,
If thou deny it I will back to hell.

Fau. Stay Mephaſtophilis, and tell mee, what good will my ſoule doe thy Lord.

Me. Inlarge his kingdome.

Fau. Is that the reaſon he tempts vs thus?

Me. Solamen miſeris ſocios habuiſſe doloris.

Fau. Haue you any paine that torture others?

Me. As great as haue the humane ſoules of men:
But tell me Fauſtus, ſhall I haue thy ſoule?
And I will be thy ſlaue and waite on thée,
And giue thée more then thou haſt wit to aſke?

Fau. I Mephaſtophilis, I giue it thée.

Me. Then ſtabbe thine arme courageouſly,
And bind thy ſoule, that at ſome certaine day,
Great Lucifer may claime it as his owne,
And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

Fau Loe Mephaſtophilis for loue of thée,
I cut mine arme, and with my proper blood,
Aſſure my ſoule to be great Lucifers.
Chiefe Lord and regent of perpetuall night,
View here the blood that trickles from mine arme,
And let it be propitious for my wiſh.

Meph. But Fauſtus thou muſt write it in manner of a déed of gift.

Fauſt. I ſo I will, but Mephaſtophilis my blood congeales

and

and I can write no more.

Me. Ile fetch thee fire to dissolue it straight. Exit.

Faust. What might the staying of my blood portend?
Is it vnwilling I should write this bill?
Why streames it not that I may write afresh?
Faustus giues to thee his soule: ah there it staid,
Why shouldst thou not? is not thy soule thine owne?
Then write againe, Faustus giues to thee his soule.

Enter Mephastophilis with a chafer of coales.

Me. Here's fire, come Faustus, set it on.

Fau. So now the blood begins to cleare againe,
Now will I make an end immediately.

Me. O what will I not do to obtaine his soule?

Fau. Consummatum est, this Bill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soule to Lucifer,
But what is this inscription on my arme?
Homo fuge, whether should I flye?
If vnto God hee'le throw thee downe to hell,
My senses are deceiu'd, here's nothing writ,
I see it plaine, here in this place is writ,
Homo fuge, yet shall not Faustus flye.

Me. Ile fetch him some-what to delight his minde.

Exit.

Enter with diuels, giuing crownes and rich apparell to Faustus, and dance, and then depart.

Fau. Speake Mephastophilis, what meanes this show?

Me. Nothing Faustus but to delight thy mind withall,
And to shew thee what Magicke can performe.

Fau. But may I raise vp spirits when I please?

Me. I Faustus, and do greater things then these.

Fau. Then ther's inough for a thousand soules:
Here Mephastophilis receiue this scrowle,
A deed of gift of body and of soule:
But yet conditionally, that thou performe
All articles prescrib'd betweene vs both.

Me. Fauſtus, I ſweare by hell and Lucifer
To effect all promiſes betweene vs made.

Fau. Then heare me read them: on theſe conditions following,

Firſt, that Fauſtus may bee a ſpirit in forme and ſubſtance.

Secondly, that Mephaſtophilis ſhall be his ſeruant and at his command.

Thirdly that Mephaſtophilis ſhall do for him, and bring him whatſoeuer.

Fourthly, that hee ſhall bee in his Chamber or houſe inuiſible.

Laſtly, that he ſhall appeare to the ſaid Iohn Fauſtus at all times in what forme and ſhape ſoeuer he pleaſe.

I Iohn Fauſtus of Wertenberg, Doctor, by theſe preſents, do giue both body and ſoule to Lucifer Prince of the Eaſt, and his miniſter Mephaſtophilis, and furthermore grant vnto them, that foure and twenty yeares beeing expired, the Arricles aboue written inuiolate, full power to fetch or carry the ſaid Iohn Fauſtus body and ſoule, fleſh, blood, or goods into their habitation wherſoeuer.

By me Iohn Fauſtus.

Me. Speake Fauſtus do you deliuer this as your deed.

Fau. I, take it and the diuell giue thee good on't.

Me. Now Fauſtus aske what thou wilt.

Fau. Firſt will I queſtion thee about hell,
Tell me where is the place that men call hell?

Me. Vnder the Heauens.

Fau. I, but where about?

Me. within the bowels of theſe elements,
Where we are tortur'd and remaine for euer,
Hell hath no limits nor is circumſcrib'd
In one ſelfe place, for where we are is hell,
And where hell is, muſt we euer be:
And to conclude when all the world diſolues,
And euery creature ſhall be purified,
All places ſhall be hell that is not heauen.

Fau.

Fau. Come, I thinke hell's a fable.

Me. I thinke so still, till experience change thy minde.

Faust. Why? thinkst thou then that Faustus shall bee damn'd?

Me. I of necessity, for here's the scrowle,
Wherein thou hast given thy soule to Lucifer.

Fau. I, and body too, but what of that?
Thinkst thou that Faustus is so fond,
To imagine that after this life there is any paine?
Tush these are trifles and olde wives tales.

Me. But Faustus I am an instance to prove the contrary, for I am damnd, and am now in hell.

Fau. How? now in hell? nay and this be hell, ile willingly be damnd here: what walking, disputing, &c. But leauing off this, let me haue a wife, the fairest maide in Germany, for I am wanton and lasciuious, and cannot liue without a wife.

Me. How, a wife? I prithée Faustus talke not of a wife.

Fau. Nay sweet Mephastophilis fetch me one, for I will haue one.

Me. Wel thou wilt haue one, stay there till I come, Ile fetch thee a wife in the diuels name.

Enter with a diuell drest like a woman, with fire workes.

Me. Tell Faustus, how dost thou like thy wife?

Fau. A plague on her for a hote whore.

Me. Tut Faustus, marriage is but a ceremoniall toy, if thou loue'st me thinke no more of it,
Ile cull thée out the fayrest Curtizans,
And bring them every morning to thy bed,
She whom thy eye shall like, thy heart shall haue,
Be shée as chaste as was Penelope,
As wise as Saba, or as beautifull,
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.
Hold, take this booke, peruse it thoroughly,
The iterating of these lines brings gold,

The framing of this circle on the ground,
Brings whirlwinds, tempests, thunder and lightning,
Pronounce this thrice deuoutly to thy selfe.
And men in armour shall appeare to thée,
Ready to execute what thou desir'st.

Fau. Thanks Mephastophilus, yet faine would I haue a booke wherin I may behold all spels and incantations, that I might raise vp spirits when I please.

Me. Here they are in this booke. There turne to them.

Fau. Now would I haue a book where I might sée al characters and Planets of the heauens, that I might know their motions and dispositions.

Me. Here they are too. Turne to them.

Fau. Nay let me haue one booke more, and then I haue done, wherein I might see all plants, hearbs and trées that grow vpon the earth.

Me. Here they be.

Fau. O thou art deceiued.

Me. Tut I warrant thee. Turne to them.

Fau. When I behold the heauens, then I repent,
And curse thee wicked Mephastophilus,
Because thou hast depriu'd me of those ioyes.

Me. Why Faustus,
Think'st thou heauen such a glorious thing?
I tell thee tis not halfe so faire as thou,
Or any man that breaths on earth.

Fau. How proou'st thou that?

Me. It was made for man, therefore is man more excellent.

Fau. If it were made for man, twas made for mee:
I will renounce this Magicke and repent.

Enter good Angell and euill.

Good An. Faustus, repent yet, God will pitty thee.

Euil An. Thou art a spirit, God cannot pitty thee.

Fau. Who buzzeth in mine eares I am a spirit?
Bee I a diuell, yet God may pitty me,
I God will pitty me if I repent.

Euil An. I but Faustus neuer shall repent. Exeunt.

Fau. My heart's so hardned I cannot repent,
Scarce can I name, saluation, faith, or heauen,
But fearfull eechoes thunders in mine eares,
Faustus, thou art damn'd, then swords and knives,
Poyson, gunnes, halters, and inuenom'd steele
Are layd before me to dispatch my selfe,
And long ere this I should haue slaine my selfe,
Had not sweet pleasure conquerd deepe dispaire.
Haue not I made blinde Homer sing to me,
Of Alexanders loue, and Enons death,
And hath not he that built the walls of Thebes,
With rauishing sound of his melodious harpe,
Made musick with my Mephastophilis,
Why should I dye then, or basely dispaire?
I am resolu'd Faustus shall nere repent,
Come Mephastophilis let vs dispute againe,
And argue of diuine Astrologie:
Tell me, are there many heauens aboue the Mone?
Are all celestiall bodies but one globe,
As is the substance of this centricke earth?

Me. As are the elements, such are the spheares,
Mutually folded in each others orbe,
And Faustus, all ioyntly moue vpon one axletree,
Whose terminine is term'd the worlds wide pole,
Nor are the names of Saturne, Mars or Iupiter,
Faind, but are erring starres.

Fau But tell me, haue they all one motion? both situ & tempore.

Me. All ioyntly moue from East to West in 24. houres vpon the poles of the world, but differ in their motion vpon the poles of the Zodiake.

Fau. Tush, these slender trifles Wagner can decide,
Hath Mephastophilis no greater skill?
Who knowes not the double motion of the Planets?
The first is finisht in a naturall day,
The second thus, as Saturne in 30. yeares, Iupiter in 12.

Mars

Mars in 4. the Sunne, Venus, and Mercury in a yeare: the Moone in 28. dayes: tuſh theſe are freſh mens ſuppoſitions, but tel me, hath euery ſphcare a dominion or Intelligentii?

Me. I.

Fau. How many heauens or ſpheares are there?

Me. Nine, the ſeauen Planets, the Firmament, and the Imperiall heauen.

Fau. Well, reſolue mee in this queſtion, why haue we not coniunctions, oppoſitions, aſpects, eclipſes, all at one time, but in ſome yeares we haue more, ſome leſſe?

Me. Per inæqualem motum reſpectu totius.

Fau. Wel, I am anſwered, tel me who made the world?

Me. I will not.

Fau. S'wæt Mephaſtophilis tell me.

Me. Moue me not, for I will not tell thee.

Fau. Villaine haue not I bound thee to tel me any thing?

Me. I that is not againſt our kingdome, but this is, Thinke thou on hell Fauſtus, for thou art damnd.

Fau. Thinke Fauſtus vpon God that made the world.

Me. Remember this. Exit.

Fau. I, go accurſed ſpirit to vgly hell,
'Tis thou haſt damnd diſtreſſed Fauſtus ſoule:
Is not too late?

Enter good Angel and euil Angel.

Euil A. Too late.

Good A. Neuer too late, if Fauſtus can repent.

Euil A. If thou repent, diuels ſhall teare thee in pieces.

Good A. Repent & they ſhal neuer race thy ſkin. Exeunt.

Fau. Ah Chriſt my Sauiour, ſeeke to ſaue diſtreſſed Fauſtus ſoule.

Enter Lucifer, Belſebub, and Mephaſtophilis.

Lu. Chriſt cannot ſaue thy ſoule, for he is iuſt,
There's none but I haue intereſt in the ſame.

Fauſt. O who art thou that lookſt ſo terrible?

Lu. I am Lucifer, and this is my companion Prince in hell.

Fauſt. O Fauſtus they are come to fetch away thy ſoule.

Lu.

Lu. We came to tell thee thou dost iniure vs.
Thou talk'st of Christ contrary to thy promise,
Thou should'st not thinke of God, thinke on the diuell,
And of his dame too.

Fau. Nor will I hence forth, pardon me in this,
And Faustus vowes neuer to looke to heauen,
Neuer to name God, or to pray to him,
To burne his Scriptures, slay his Ministers,
And make my spirits pull his Churches downe.

Lu. Do so, and wee will highly gratifie thee: Faustus, we are come from hel to shew thée some pastime sit downe, and thou shalt sée all the seauen deadly sinnes appeare in their proper shapes.

Fau. That sight will be as pleasing vnto me, as Paradise was to Adam, the first day of his creation.

Lu. Talke not of Paradise, nor creation, but marke this show, talke of the diuell and nothing else, come away.

Enter the seauen deadly sinnes.

Now Faustus examine them of their seuerall names and dispositions.

Fau. What art thou? the first.

Pride. I am pride, I disdaine to haue any Parents, I am like to Ouids flea, I can creepe into euery corner of a wench, sometimes like a periwig, I sit vpon her brow, or like a fanne of feathers I kisse her lips, indéed, I do what do I not: but fie what a scent is heere: Ile not speake an other word, except the ground were perfum'd and couered with cloth of Arras.

Fau. What art thou? the second.

Couet. I am couetousnes, begotten of and old churle, in an old leatheren bagge, and might I haue my wish, I would desire that this house and all the people in it were turn'd to gold, that I might lock you vp in my good chest, O my swéet Gold!

Fau. What art thou? the third.

Wrath. I am wrath, I had neither father nor mother, I leapt out of a Lions mouth, whē I was scarse half an houre

old, and euer since I haue runne vp and downe the world, with this case of rapiers wounding my selfe, when I had no body to fight withall: I was borne in hell, and loue to it for some of you shall be my father.

Fau. What art thou? the 6th.

Enuy. I am Enuy, begotten of a Chimney-sweeper, and an Oyster wife, I cannot read, and therefore wish all bookes were burnt, I am leane with seeing others eate, O that there would come a famine through all the world, that all might die and I liue alone, then thou should'st see how fat I would bee: but must thou sit and I stand? come downe with a vengeance.

Fau. Away enuious rascall: what art thou the fift?

Glut. Who I sir, I am Gluttony, my Parents are all dead, and the deuell a penny they haue left me, but a bare pention, and that is 30. meales a day, and ten beauers, a small trifle to suffice nature, O I come of a royall parentage, my grandfather was a gammon of bacon, my grandmother a hogshead of Claret wine: my godfathers were these, Peter Pickle-herring, and Martin martlemas-beef, O but my godmother she was a iolly gentlewoman, and welbeloued in euery good towne and citty, her name was mistrisse Margery March-beere: Now Faustus thou hast heard all my Progeny, wilt thou bid me to supper?

Fau. No Ile see thee hang'd first, thou wilt eate vp all my victualls.

Glut. Then the deuell choake thee.

Fau. Choke thy selfe Glutton: what art thou? the first.

Sloath. I am Sloath, I was begotten on a sunny banke, where I haue laine euer since, & you haue done me great iniury to bring me from thence, let me bee carried thither againe by Gluttony and Lechery, Ile not speake another word for a Kings ransome.

Fau. What are you mistresse minkes? the seauenth and last.

Leach. Who I sir? I am one that loues an inch of raw Mutton better then an ell of fride stock-fish, and the first

letter

letter of my name begins with leachery.

Away to hell, to hell. Exeunt the sinnes.

Lu. Now Faustus how dost thou like this:

Fau. O this fæds my soule.

Lu. Tut Faustus: in hell is all manner of delight.

Fau. O might I sée hell, and returne againe, how happy were I then?

Lu. Thou shalt, I will send for thée at midnight, in meane time take this booke, peruse it throughly and thou shalt turne thy selfe into what shape thou wilt.

Fau. Great thankes mighty Lucifer, this will I keepe as chary as my life.

Lu. farewell Faustus and thinke on the diuell.

Fau. Farewell great Lucifer, come Mephastophilis.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Wagner solus.

Wag. Learned Faustus,
To know the secrets of Astronomy
Grauen in the booke of Ioues high firmament,
Did mount himselfe to scale Olimpus top,
Being seated in a charyot burning bright,
Drawne by the strength of yoaky Dragons necks,
He now is gone to proue Cosmography.
And as I gesse will first arine at Rome,
To sée the Pope and manner of his Court,
And take some part of holy Peters feast,
That to this day is highly solemnized. Exit Wagner.

Enter Faustus and Mephastophils.

Fau. Hauing now my good Mephastophilis,
Past with delight the stately towne of Trier:
Inuiron'd round with ayry mountaine tops,
With walles of flint and déepe intrenched lakes,
Not to be won by any conquering Prince,
From Paris next coasting the realme of France,
We saw the riuer Maine fall into Rhine,
Whose bankes are set with groues of fruitfull vines.
Then vp to Naples, rich Campania,

Whose buildings faire, and gorgeous to the eye,
The streets straight forth and pau'd with finest brick,
Quarters the towne in forme equinolent.
There saw we learned Maroes golden tombe,
The way he cut an English mile in length,
Thorough a rock of stone in one nights space.
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest,
In midst of which a sumptuous temple stands,
That threats the stars with her aspiring top.
Thus hetherto hath Faustus spent his time,
But tell me now, what resting place is this:
Hast thou as erst I did command,
Conducted me within the walls of Rome.

Me. Faustus I haue, and because we wil not be unprouided, I haue taken up his holynesse priuy chamber for our use.

Fau. I hope his holinesse will bid us welcome. (cheare,

Me. Tut, tis no matter man, weele be bold with his good
And now my Faustus, that thou maist perceiue
What Rome containeth to delight thee with:
Know that this citty stands upon seauen hils,
That under-props the ground-worke of the same,
Ouer the which foure stately bridges leane,
That makes safe passage to each part of Rome.
Upon the bridge call'd Ponto Angelo,
Erected is a Castle passing strong,
Within whose walls such store of ordinance are,
And double Canons, fram'd of carued brasse,
As match the dayes within one compleat yeare,
Besides the gates and high piramides,
Which Iulius Cæsar brought from Affrica.

Fau. Now by the kingdomes of infernall rule,
Of Styx, Acheron, and the fiery lake,
Of euer burning Phlegiton I sweare,
That I do long to see the monuments,
And scituation of bright splendant Rome,
Come therefore lets away.

Me.

Me. Nay Faustus stay, I know you'd faine see the Pope,
And take some part of holy Peters feast,
Where thou shalt see a troupe of bald-pate Friers,
Whose summum bonum is in belly cheare.

Fau. Well, I am content, to compasse then some sport,
And by their folly make vs merriment.
Then charme mee that I may bee inuisible, to doe what I please vnseene of any whilst I stay in Rome.

Me. So Faustus now doe what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discerned.

Sound a Sinet, enter the Pope and Cardinall of Lorraine to the banket, with Fryers attending.

Pope. My Lord of Lorraine, wilt please you draw neere.

Fau. Fall to, and the diuell choake you and you spare.

Pope. How now, whose that which spake? Friers looke about.

Fri. Here's no body, if it like your Holynesse.

Pope. My Lord, here is a dainty dish was sent me from the bishop of Millaine.

Fau. I thanke you sir. Snatch it.

Pope. How now, who's that which snatcht the meate from me? will no man looke?
My Lord, this dish was sent mee from the Cardinall of Florence.

Fau. You say true, Ile hate.

Pope. What againe? my Lord ile drinke to your Grace.

Fau. Ile pledge your grace.

Lor. My Lord, it may be some ghost newly crept out of Purgatory, come to beg a pardon of your holynesse.

Pope. It may bee so, Friers prepare a dirge to lay the fury of this ghost, once againe my Lord fall to.

The Pope croſſeth himſelfe.

Fau. What are you crossing of your selfe?
Well vse that trick no more, I would aduise you.

Crosse againe.

Fau. Well, ther's the second time, aware the third,
I giue you fayre warning.

Croſſe againe and Fauſtus hits him a boxe on the eare and they all runne away.

Fau. Come on Mephaſtophilis, what ſhall we doe?

Me. Nay I know not we ſhall be curſt with bel-booke, and candle.

Fau. How? bel, booke and candle, candle, booke, and bel, Forward and backward, to curſe Fauſtus to hell. Anon you ſhall heare a hog grunt, a calfe bleat, and an aſſe bray, becauſe it is S. Peters holy day.

Enter all the Fryers to ſing dirge.

Frier. Come brethren lets about our buſines with good deuotion.

Sing this: Curſed bee he that ſtole his holineſſe meat from the table. Maledicat dominus.

Curſed be he that ſtrooke his holineſſe a blow on the face. Maledicat dominus.

Curſed be he tooke Fryer Sandelo a blow on the pate. Male &c.

Curſed be he that diſturbeth our holy Dirge. Male, &c.

Curſed be he that tooke away his holineſſe wine. Male, &c.

Et omnes ſancti Amen.

Beat the Friers and fling fire-workes among them and ſo exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

When Fauſtus had with pleaſure tane the view
Of rareſt thinges, and royall Courts of Kings,
He ſtaide his courſe, and ſo returned home,
Where ſuch as beare his abſence, but with greefe,
(I meane his friends and nere'ſt companions)
Did gratulate his ſafety with kinde words,
And in their conference of what befell,
Touching his iourney through the world and ayre,
They put forth queſtions of Aſtrologie,

which

Which Faustus answer'd with such learned skill.
As they admir'd and wondred at his wit,
Now is the fame spread foorth in euery land,
Amongst the rest the Emperour is one,
Carolus the fift, at whose Pallace now
Faustus is feasted amongst his Noble men,
I leaue vntold, your eyes shall see performd. Exit.

Enter Robin the Ostler with a booke in his hand.

Ro. O this is admirable! here I ha stolne one of doctor Faustus conjuring books, & ifaith I meane to search some circles for mine own vse, now I will make al ỹ maidens in our parish dance at my pleasure starke naked before me, & so by ỹ meanes I shall see more thenere I felt, or saw yet.

Enter Rafe calling Robin.

Rafe. Robin, prethée come away, there's a Gentleman tarries to haue his horse, and hee would haue his tl inges rub'd and made cleane: he keepes such a chafing with my mistresse about it, and she has sent me to looke thée out, prithée come away.

Ro. Keepe out, kéepe out, or else you are blown vp, you are dismembred Rafe, kéepe out, for I am about a roaring péece of worke.

Rafe, Come, what dost thou with the same booke thou canst not read?

Ro. Yes my maister and mistresse shall find that I can read, he for his fore-head, she for her priuate study, shee's borne to beare with me or else my art fayles.

Rafe. Why Robin what booke is that?

Ro. What booke? why the most intollerable booke for coniuring that ere was inuented by any brimstone diuell.

Rafe. Canst thou coniure with it?

Ro. I can do all these thinges easily with it, first I can make thée drunke with Ipocrase at any Tauerne in Europe for nothing, thats one of my coniuring workes.

Rafe. Our maister Parson sayes thats nothing.

Ro. True Rafe, and more Rafe, if thou hast any minde

to

to Nan Spit your kitchin maide, then turne and winde her to thine owne vſe, as often as thou wilt, and at midnight.

Raſe. O braue Robin, ſhall I haue Nan ſpit, and to mine owne vſe? On that condition Ile feed thy diuell with horſ-bread as long as he liues, of free coſt.

Ro. No more ſweete Raſe, lets go and make cleane our bootes which lye foule vpon our hands, and then to our conturing in the Diuels name. Exeunt.

Enter Robin and Raſe with a ſiluer goblet.

Rob. Come Raſe did not I tell thee, we were for euer made by this doctor Fauſtus booke? ecce ſignum, her's a ſimple purchaſe for horſ-keepers, our horſes ſhal eat no hay as long as this laſts. Enter the Vintner.

Raſe. But Robin here comes the Vintner.

Robin. Hush, Ile gull him ſupernaturally: Drawer, I hope all is paide, God be with you, come Raſe.

Vint. Soft Sir, a word with you, I muſt yet haue a goblet paide from you ere you go.

Rob. I a goblet Raſe, I a goblet? I ſcorne you: and you are but a &c. I a goblet? ſearch me.

Vint. I meane ſo ſir with your fauor.

Robin. How ſay you now?

Vint. I muſt ſay ſomewhat to your fellow, you ſir.

Raſe. Ye ſir, me ſir, ſearch your fill: now ſir, you may be aſhamed to burden honeſt men with a matter of truth.

Vint. Well, tone of you hath this goblet about you.

Rob. You lye Drawer, tis afore me: ſirra you, Ile teach ye to impeach honeſt men: ſtand by, Ile ſcowre you for a goblet, ſtand aſide you had beſt: I charge you in the name of Belzebub: looke to the goblet Raſe.

Vint. What meane you ſirra?

Rob. Ile tell you what I meane. He reads. Sactabulorum Periphraſticon: nay ile tickle you Vintner, looke to the goblet Raſe, Polypragmos Belſeborams framanta pacoſtiphos toſtu Mephaſtophilis, &c.

Enter Mephaſtophilis: ſets ſquibs at their backs: they runne about.

Vintner.

Vintner. O Nomine Domine, what meanest thou Robin? thou hast no goblet.

Rafe. Peccatum peccatorum, hér's thy goblet, good vintner.

Rob. Misericordia pro nobis, what shall I do? good diuell forgiue me now, and ile neuer rob thy Library more.

Enter to them Mephastophilis.

Meph. Vanish villains, th'one like an Ape, another like a Beare, the third an Asse for doing this enterprise.

Monarke of hell, vnder whose black suruey,
Great Potentates do kneele with awfull feare,
Vpon whose altars thousand soules doe lye,
How am I vexed with this villaines charmes?
From Constantinople am I hether come,
Onely for pleasure of these damned slaues.

Rob. How, from Constantinople? you haue had a great iourney, will you take sixe pence in your purse to pay for your supper and be gone?

Me. Well villaines, for your presumption, I transforme thée into an Ape, and thée into a Dog, and so be gon. Exit.

Rob. How into an Ape? thats braue, Ile haue fine sport with the boyes, Ile get nuts and apples enow.

Rafe. And I must be a Dogge. Exeunt.

Rob. Ifaith thy head will neuer out of the potage pot.

Enter Emperour, Faustus, and a Knight with attendants.

Em. Maister Doctor Faustus, I haue heard strange reports of thy knowledge in the black Art, how that none in my Empire, nor in the whole world can compare with thée, for the rare effects of Magicke: they say thou hast a familiar spirit, by whome thou canst accomplish what thou list, this therfore is my request, that thou let me sée some proofe of thy skil that mine eies may be witnesses to confirme what mine eares haue heard reported, and heare I sweare to thée, by the honor of mine Imperiall crowne, that what euer thou doest, thou shalt be no wayes preiudiced or indamaged.

Knight. Ifaith he lookes much like a coniurer. aside.

Fau. My gratious Soueraigne, though I muſt confeſſe my ſelfe far inferior to the report of men haue publiſhed, and nothing anſwerable to the honour of your imperiall maieſty yet for that loue and duety bindes me thereunto, I am content to do what your maieſty ſhall command me.

Em. Then Doctor Fauſtus marke what I ſhall ſay: As I was ſometimes ſolitary ſet, within my Cloſet, ſundry thoughts aroſe about the honour of mine auncetters, how they had won by proweſſe ſuch exploytes, got ſuch riches, ſubdued ſo many kingdomes, as we that do ſucceed, or they that ſhall hereafter poſſeſſe this throne, ſhall (I feare me) neuer attaine to that degree of high renowne and great authority, amongſt which Kings is Alexander the great, cheefe ſpectacle of the worlds preheminence,
The bright ſhining of whoſe glorious actes
As when I heare but motion made of him,
It greeues my ſoule I neuer ſaw the man:
If therefore thou by cunning of thine Art,
Canſt raiſe this man from hollow vaults below,
Where lies intomb'd this famous Conquerour,
Both in their right ſhapes, geſture, and attire
They vſ'd to weare during their time of life,
Thou ſhalt both ſatiſfie my iuſt deſire,
And giue me cauſe to praiſe thee whilſt I liue.

Fau. My gratious Lord I am ready to accompliſh your requeſt, ſo far forth as by art and power of my ſpirit I am able to perfo'me.

Knight. Ifaith thats iuſt nothing at all? Aſide.

Fau. But if it like your Grace, it is not in my ability to preſent before your eyes, the true ſubſtantiall bodyes of thoſe two deceaſed Princes which long ſince are conſumed to duſt.

Knight. I marry maiſter Doctor, now ther's a ſigne of grace in you when you will confeſſe the truth. Aſide.

Fau. But ſuch ſpirits as can liuely reſemble Alexander and his Paramour ſhall appeare before your Grace, in that maner

maner that they haſt liu'd in, in their moſt florishing eſtate, which I doubt not shall ſuficiently content your Imperiall maieſty.

Em. Go tos maiſter Doctor, let me ſée them presently.

Kn. Do you heare maiſter Doctor? you bring Alexander and his paramour before the Emperor:

Fau. How then sir?

Kn. Iſaith thats as true as Diana turn'd me to a stag.

Fau. No sir, but when Acteon died, hee left the hornes for you: Mephaſtophilis be gone. Exit Meph.

Kn. Nay, and you go to coniuring Ile be gon. Exit Kn.

Fau. Ile méete with you anon for interrupting me so: héere they are my gratious Lord.

Enter Meph. with Alexander and his Paramour.

Em. Maiſter Doctor, I heard this Lady while she liu'd had a moale or wart in her neck, how shall I know whether it be so or no?

Fau. Your highneſſe may boldly go and ſée. Exit Alex.

Em. Sure theſe are no spirits, but the true substantiall bodies of theſe two deceased Princes.

Fau. Will pleaſe your highneſſe now to send for the Knight that was so pleasant with me of late.

Em. One of you call him forth.

Enter the Knight with a paire of hornes on his head.

Em. How now sir Knight: why I had thought thou hadſt beene a batcheler, but now I ſée thou haſt a wife, that not only giues thée hornes, but makes thée weare them, feele on thy head.

Kn. Thou damned wretch and execrable dog,
Bred in the Concaue of some monstrous rocke:
How dar'ſt thou thus abuſe a Gentleman?
Villaine I say vndo what thou haſt done.

Fau. O not so fast sir, ther's no hast but good, are you remembred how you crossed me in my conference with the Emperor? I thinke I haue met with you for it.

Em. Good maister Doctor, at my intreaty release him, he hath done penance sufficient.

Fau. My gratious Lord, not so much for the iniury he offred me here in your presence, as to delight you with some mirth, hath Faust: worthily requited this iniurious knight, which being al I desire, I am content to release him of his hornes: and sir knight, hereafter speake well of Schollers, Mephastophilis, transforme him strait. Now my good Lord hauing done my duty, I humbly take my leaue.

Emp. Farewell maister Doctor, yet ere you goe, expect from me a bountious reward. Exit Emperour.

Fau. Now Mephastophilis, the restlesse course that time doth run with calme and silent foote,
Shortning my dayes and thred of vitall life,
Calls for the paiment of my latest yeares.
Therefore sweet Mephastophilis, let vs make hast to Wertenberg.

Me. What, will you go on horse-back or on foote?

Fau. Nay, til I am past this fayre and pleasant grænn, ile walke on foote. Enter a horse-courser.

Horse. I haue bin al this day seeking one maister Fustian: masse see where he is, God saue you maister doctor.

Fau. What horse-courser, you are well met.

Horse. Doe you heare sir? I haue brought you forty dollers for your horse.

Fau. I cannot sell him so: if thou lik'st him for fifty, take him,

Horse. Alasse sir, I haue no more, I pray you speake for mee.

Me. I pray you let him haue him, he is an honest fellow, and he has a great charge, neither wife nor childe.

Fau. Wel, come giue me your mony, my boy will deliuer him to you: but I must tell you one thing before you haue him

him,ride him not into the water at any hand.

Horſ. Why ſir,will he not drinke of all waters?

Fau. O yes,he wil drinke of al waters,but ride him not into the water,ride him ouer hedge or ditch,or where thou wilt,but not into the water.

Horſ. Well ſir, now I am a made man for euer, ile not leaue my horſe for forty: if hee had but the quality of hey ding,ding,hey ding,ding, ide make a braue liuing on him; he has a buttock as ſlick as an eele:wel god buy ſir,your boy will deliuer him me:but harke you ſir,if my horſe be ſick or ill at eaſe, if I bring his water to you, youle tel me what it is? Exit Horſe-couſer.

Fau. Away you villaine: what, doſt think I am a horſe-doctor?what art thou Fauſtus but a man condemnd to dye? Thy fatall time doth draw to finall end,
Diſpaire doth driue diſtruſt into my thoughts,
Confound theſe paſſions with a quiet ſléepe:
Tuſh,Chriſt did call the théefe vpon the Croſſe,
Then reſt thée Fauſtus quiet in conceit. Sleep in his chaire

Enter horſe-courſer all wet crying.

Horſ. Alas,alas,Doctor Fuſtian quoth a,mas doctor Lopus was neuer ſuch a doctor,has giuen me a purgation,has purg'd me of forty Dollers,I ſhal neuer ſée them more:but yet like an aſſe as I was,I would not be rul'd by him, for he bad me I ſhould ride him into no water: now I thinking my horſe had had ſome rare quality that he would not haue had me knowne of, I like a ventrous youth, rid him into the déepe pond at the townes end, I was no ſooner in the middle of the pond, but my horſe vaniſht awar, and I ſat vpon a bottle of hey neuer ſo nére drowning in all my life, but Ile ſéeke out my Doctor, and haue my forty dollers againe, or Ile make it the déereſt horſe: O yonder is his ſnipper ſnapper, do you heare? you, hey, paſſe,wher's your maiſter?

Me. Why sir, what would you? you cannot speake with him.

Horse. But I will speake with him.

Me. Why hee's fast asleepe, come some other time.

Horse. Ile speake with him now, or Ile breake his glasse-windowes about his eares.

Me. I tell thee he has not slept this eyght nights.

Horse. And he haue not slept this eight weekes Ile speak with him.

Me. See where he is fast asleepe.

Horse. I, this is he, God saue you maister doctor, maister doctor, maister doctor Fustian, forty dollers, forty dollers for a bottle of hey.

Me. Why thou seest he heares thee not.

Horse. So, ho, ho, so, ho, ho. Hallow in his eares. No, will you not wake? Ile make you wake ere I go.

Pull him by the legge, and pull it away.

Alasse I am vndone, what shall I do?

Fau. O my leg, my leg, helpe Wephastophilis, call the Officers, my leg, my leg.

Me. Come Villaine to the Constable.

Horse. O Lord sir let me go, and Ile giue you forty dollers more.

Me. Where be they?

Horse, I haue none about me, come to my Mistris and Ile giue them you.

Me. Be gon quickly. Horse-courser runnes away.

Fau What is he gone? farewell hee, Faustus has his leg againe, & the horse-courser I take it a bottle of hey for his labour, well this tricke shall cost him forty dollers more.

Enter Wagner.

How now Wagner, whats the newes with thee?

Wag.

Wag. Sir the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat your company.

Fau. The Duke of Vanholt, an honorable Gentleman, to whom I must bee no niggard of my cunning, come Mephastophilis, lets away to him. Exeunt.

Enter to them the Duke and the Dutches.
ths Duke speakes.

Du. Beleeue me maister Doctor, this merriment hath much pleased me.

Fau. My gratious Lord, I am glad it contents you so well: but it may be madam, you take no delight in this, I haue heard that great bellyed women doe long for some dainties or other, what is it madam? tell me and you shal haue it.

Dutch Thankes good maister Doctor.
And for I see your curteous intēt to pleasure me, I wil not hide from you the thing my heart desires, and were it now Summer, as it is January, and the dead time of the winter I would desire no better meate then a dish of grapes.

Fau. Alas Madam thats nothing, Mephastophilis, be gon. Exit Meph. Were it a greater thing then this, so it would content you, you should haue it: here Enter Mepha. thee be Madam, wilt please you taste with the grapes. on them?

Du. Beleeue me master Doctor, this makes me wonder aboue the rest, that being in the dead time of winter, and in the month of Ianuary, how you should come by these grapes?

Fau. If it like your grace, the yeare is diuided into two circles ouer the whole world, that when it is heere winter with vs, in the contrary circle it is sōmer with them, as in India, Saba & farther countries in the East, and by meanes of a swift spirit that I haue, I had them brought hether, as ye see, how do you like them Madam be they good?

Du. Beleeue me maister Doctor, they be the best grapes that

that ere I taſted in my life before.

Fau. I am glad they content you ſo Maddam.

Du. Come Madame, let vs in, where you muſt well reward this learned man for the great kindneſſe hee hath ſhew'd to you.

Dut. And ſo I will my Lord, and whilſt I liue, reſt beholding for this curteſie.

Fau. I humbly thanke your Grace.

Du. Come maiſter Doctor follow vs, and receaue your reward. Exeunt.

Enter Wagner ſolus.

Wag. I thinke my maiſter meanes to die ſhortly,
For he hath giuen to me all his goods.
And yet me thinkes if that death were neare,
He would not banket and carowſe and ſwill
Amongſt the ſtudents as euen now he doth,
Who are at ſupper with ſuch belly-cheere,
As Wagner nere beheld in all his life.
See where they come: belike the feaſt is ended.

Enter Fauſtus with two or three Schollers.

1 Sch Maiſter Doctor Fauſtus, ſince our conference about faire Ladies, which was the beutifullſt in all ỹ world, we haue determined with our ſelues, that Helen of Greece was the admirableſt Lady that euer liued: therefore maiſter Doctor, if you will do vs that fauour, as to let vs ſee that peereleſſe Dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for maieſty, we ſhould thinke our ſelues much beholding vnto you.

Fau. Gentlemen, for that I know your friendſhip is vnfained, Fauſtus cuſtome is not to denie the iuſt requeſt of thoſe that wiſh him well, you ſhall behold that peereleſſe Dame of Greece, no otherwaies for pomp and maieſty then when ſir Paris croſt the ſeas wᵗ her, and brought the ſpoiles to rich Dardania. Be ſilent then, for danger is in words.

Mu.

Musicke sounds and Helen passeth ouer the Stage.

2. Sch. Too simple is my wit to tell her praise,
Whom all the world admires for maiesty.
3. Sch. No marual e tho the angry Greekes pursu'd
With ten yeares warre the rape of such a Queene,
Whose heauenly beauty passeth all compare,
1. Since we haue seene the pride of natures workes,
And onely Paragon of excellence. Enter an old man.
Let vs depart and for this glorious deed
Happy and blest be Faustus euermore.
Fau. Gentlemen farewell, the same I wish to you.
Exeunt Schollers.
Old. Ah Doctor Faustus, that I might preuaile,
To guide thy steps vnto the way of life,
By which sweet path thou maist attaine the gole
That shall conduct thée to celestiall rest.
Breake heart, drop blood and mingle it with teares,
Teares falling from repentant heauines
Of thy most vilde and lothsome filthynesse,
The stench whereof corrupts the inward soule,
With such flagitious crimes of hainous sinnes,
As no commiseration may expell,
But mercy Faustus of thy Sauiour sweet,
Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt. (done?
Fau. Where art thou Faustus? wretch what hast thou
Dam'd art thou Faustus, dam'd, dispaire and die,
Hell calls for right and with a roaring voyce
Sayes Faustus come, thine houre is come, Meph. giues
And Faustus will come to do thee right. him a dagger.
Old. Ah stay good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps,
I see an Angell houers ore thy head,
And with a viol full of precious grace,
Offers to powre the same into thy soule,
Then call for mercy and auoyd dispaire,
Fau. Ah my sweet frend I feele thy words,

To comfort my distressed soule,
Leaue me a while to ponder on my sinnes.
Old. I go sweet Faustus, but with heauy cheere,
fearing the ruine of thy hopelesse soule.
Fau. Accorsed Faustus where is mercy now?
I do repent, and yet I do despaire,
Hell striues with grace for conquest in my breast,
What shall I do to shun the snares of death?
Me. Thou traytor Faustus, I arrest thy soule
For disobedience to my soueraigne Lord,
Reuolt, or Ile in peece-meale teare thy flesh.
Fau. Sweet Mephastophils, intreat thy Lord
To pardon my vniust presumption,
And with my blood againe I will confirme
My former vow I made to Lucifer.
Me. Doubt not quickly with vnfained heart,
Least greater danger do attend thy drift.
Fau. Torment sweet friend, that base and crooked age,
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,
With greatest torments that our hell affords,
Me. His faith is great, I cannot touch his soule,
But what I may afflict his body with,
I will attempt, which is but little worth.
Fau. One thing good seruant let me craue of thee
To glut the longing of my hearts desire,
That I might haue vnto my Paramour,
That heauenly Helen which I saw of late,
Whose sweet imbracings may extinguish cleane,
These thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
And keepe my oath I made to Lucifer.
Me. Faustus, This or what else thou shalt desire,
Shall be performed in twinckling of an eye. Enter Helen.
Fau. Was this the face that launcht a thousand ships
And burnt the toplesse towres of Ilium?
Sweet Helen make me immortall with a kisse.
Her lips sucks forth my soule, see where it flies:

Come Helen, come, giue me my soule againe.
Heere will I dwell, for heauen be in these lips,
And all is drosse that is not Helena: Enter old man.
I will be Paris, and for loue of thée,
Instead of Troy shall Wertenberge be sackt,
And I will combat with weake Menelaus,
And weare thy colours on my plumed Crest:
Yea I will wound Achilles in the heele,
And then returne to Helen for a kisse.
O thou art fairer then the euening ayre,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand starres,
Brighter art thou then flaming Iupiter,
When he appear'd to hapleſſe Semele,
More louely then the Monarcke of the skye
In wanton Arethusaes azur'd armes,
And none but thou shalt be my Paramour. Exeunt.

Old man. Accursed Faustus miserable man,
That from thy soule exclud'st the grace of heauen,
And fliest the throne of his tribunall seate,

Enter the Diuels.

Sathan begins to sift me with his pride,
As in this furnace God shall try my faith,
My faith, vile hell, shall tryumph ouer thee,
Ambitious fiends, see how the heauens smiles
At your repulse, and laughes your state to scorne,
Hence hell, for hence I flye vnto my God. Exeunt.

Enter Faustus with the Schollers.

Fau. Ah Gentlemen!

1 Sch. What ayles Faustus?

Fau. Ah my sweet chamber-fellow! had I liu'd with thée, then had I liued still, but now I die eternally, looke, comes he not, comes he not?

2 Sch. What meanes Faustus?

3. Scholler. Belike he is growne into some sicknes, by

beeing ouer solitary-

1 Sch. If it be so weele haue Phisitions to cure him, tis but a surfet, neuer feare man.

Fau. A surfet of deadly sinne that hath dam'd both body and soule.

2. Sch. Yet Faustus looke vp to heauen, remember Gods mercies are infinite.

Fau. But Faustus offence can neare be pardoned,
The Serpent that tempted Eue may be sau'd.
But not Faustus: ah gentlemen, heare me with patience, & tremble not at my speeches, though my heart pants, & quiuers to remember that I haue bẽ a student here these 30. yeeres, O I would I had neuer seene Wertenberge, neuer read booke, & what wonders I haue done, all Germany can witnes, yea all the world, for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea heauen it selfe, heauen the seat of god, the throne of the blessed, the kingdome of ioy, & must remaine in hel for euer, hell, ah hel for euer, sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus beeing in hel for euer.

3 Sch Yet Faustus call on God.

Fau. On God whom Faustus hath abiur'd, on God whome Faustus hath blasphemed, ah my God I would weepe, but the diuell drawes in my teares, gush forth blood in stead of teares, yea life and soule, Oh hee stayes my tongue, I would lift vppe my hands, but see they hold them, they hold them.

All. Who Faustus?

Fau. Lucifer and Mphastophilis.
Ah Gentlemen! I gaue them my soule for my cunning.

All. God forbid.

Fau. God forbad it indeed, but Faustus hath done it: for vaine pleasure of 24. yeeres hath Faustus lost eternall ioy and felicity, I writ them a bill with mine owne blood, the date is expired, the time will come, and he will fetch me.

1 Sch. Why did not Faustus tell vs of this before, that Diuines might haue praide for thee?

Fau.

Fau. Oft haue thought to haue done soe, but the diuell threatned to teare mee in peeces if I nam'd God, to fetch both body and soule if I once gaue eare to Diuinity: and now tis too late: gentlemen away least you perish with me.

2 Sch O what shall wee do to Faustus?

Faustus. Talke not of me, but saue your selues and depart

3. Sch. God will strengthen me I will stay with Faustus.

1. Sch. Tempt not God sweet friend, but let vs into the next roome and pray for him.

Fau. I pray for me, pray for me, and what noyse soeuer ye heare, come not vnto me, for nothing can rescue me.

2. Schol. Pray thou, and we will pray that God may haue mercy vpon thee.

Fau. Gentlemen farewell, if I liue till morning, Ile visit you: if not Faustus is gon to hell.

All. Faustus farewell. Exeunt Sch.

The clocke strikes eleuen.

Fau. Ah Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare houre to liue,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually:
Stand still you euer moouing spheares of heauen,
That time may cease and midnight neuer come:
Faire Natures eye, rise, rise againe, and make
Perpetuall day, or let this houre be but a yeere,
A month, a weeke, a naturall day,
That Faustus may repent and saue his soule.
O lente lente currite noctis equi:
The starres moue still, time runs, the clocke will strike,
The diuell will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
O Ile leap vp vnto my God: who puls me downe?
See see where Christs blood streames in the firmament,
One drop would saue my soule, halfe a drop, ah my Christ,
Ah rend not my heart for naming of my Christ,
Yet will I call on him, Oh spare me Lucifer!

Where is it now? tis gone:
And see where God stretcheth forth his arme,
And bends his frefull browes:
Mountaines and hilles, come come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heauy wrath of God.
No no, then will I headlong run into the earth:
Earth gape, O no, it will not harbour me:
You starres that raign'd at my natiuity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now drawe vp Faustus like a foggy mist,
Into the entrance of yon labouring cloud,
That when you vomit forth into the ayre,
My limbs may issue from your smoaky mouthes,
So that my soule may but ascend to heauen.
Ah halfe the houre is past: The watch strikes.
T'will all be past anone:
O God if thou wilt not haue mercy on my soule,
Yet for Christs sake whose blood hath ransom'd me:
Impose some end to my incessant paine,
Let Faustus liue in hell a thousand yeares,
A hundred thousand and at last be sau'd.
O no end is limited to damned soules.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soule?
Or, why is this immortall that thou hast?
Ah, Pithagoras metemsycosis were that true,
This soule should flye from me, and I be chang'd
Vnto some brutish beast: all beasts are happy, for when they die,
Their soules are soone diso[l]u'd in Elements,
But mine must liue still to be plagu'd in hell:
Curst be the parents that ingendred me:
No Faustus, curse thy selfe, curse Lucifer,
That hath depriu'd thee of the ioyes of heauen.
The clocke strikes twelue.
O it strikes, it strikes, now body turne to ayre,
Or Lucifer will beare thee quick to hell:
Thunder and lightning.

My soule be chang'd into litle water drops,
And fall into the Ocean, nere be found,
My God, my God, looke not so fierce on me: Enter diuels.
Adders and Serpents let me breath a while:
Ugly hell gape not, come not Lucifer,
Ile burne my bookes, ah Mephastophilis, Exeunt with him.

Enter Chorus.

Cut is the branch that might haue growne full straight,
And burned is Apolloes Laurell bough,
That sometime grew within this learned man,
Faustus is gone, regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendfull fortune may exhort the wise,
Onely to wonder at vnlawfull thinges,
Whose deepenes doth intice such forward wits,
To practise more then heauenly power permits.

Terminat hora diem, terminat Author opus.

FINIS.

REPRODUCED FROM THE COPY IN THE

HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY

FOR REFERENCE ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION